

# Clatsop Common Sense

A Free Publication of the Clatsop Community College Student Body  
Wednesday, Oct. 20, 1976

Clatsop Community College Library  
1680 Lexington  
Astoria, Oregon 97103

## Try a Little Common Sense

Hello, out there. Welcome to our paper.

With this issue I assume the duties of editor of the *Common Sense*, and I thought a word or two would be in order. Back in 19 and 75 the Associated Student Body, Inc. (that's us), under president Chip Waisanen, appropriated funds in their budget for a student-run newspaper here at Clatsop—something new.

Pivoting headlong into the project last fall, editor Matt Shuler, working against formidable odds (apathy, what else?) managed to produce one issue of the *Alternative*. I will draw the curtain of mercy over that product, at the same time recognizing it as a necessary evolutionary phase of what has come to be the *Common Sense*. In winter term, '76, Editor Kirk McKinley took over and by June Clatsop had a newspaper that many considered one of the best in the state, although we're still not quite sure why.

What we know for sure is that Clatsop College is an interesting place full of beautiful people doing amazing things, and to the extent we're able, we intend to continue the irreverent approach to life which makes our days in this vale of tears so bearable (I refer to life, not the college).

We invite you to join in a meaningful exchange with us. Write a story. Send along a poem. Fire off a letter to the editor. Do anything but stay away from us.

The *Common Sense*, as the masthead states, is a publication of the Associated Student Body of Clatsop College. Now, that's more than station identification. It means that final approval or disapproval of the content of this paper rests with the ASB—specifically, the president—the elected representative of the students. This latitude makes us feel special and free, and it is the policy of this paper never to violate the trust that implies.

But enough of noble motives. We'll be coming to you every other week, and we hope to inform and entertain you, or at least keep you from falling asleep at the wheel. To accomplish this, simply roll the paper lengthwise and prop it between your belly button and your chin.

Try it.

John Francis Crowley  
Editor-in-Cheek

## BETWEEN THE LINES

### FAMOUS LAST WORDS

NBODY likes to read dirty words, right? Wrong! Now admit it, weren't you frustrated to pick up newspaper after newspaper only to discover not one word would repeat exactly what Earl Butz said that time? Well search no more! Once again the *Common Sense* leaps into the fray with truth, justice, and the American way. The scene is an airplane; Pat Boone (!) is asking Earl Butz a serious question:

"John and I were just discussing the appeal of the Republican Party. It seems to me that the party of Abraham Lincoln could and should attract more black people. Why can't that be done?"

"I'll tell you why we can't attract coloreds," the secretary proclaimed as his mischievous smile returned. "Because colored only want three things. You know what they want?" he asked Pat.

Pat shook his head no. So did I.

"I'll tell you what coloreds want. It's three things: first, a tight pussy; second, loose shoes; third, a warm place to sit. That's all!"

Pat gulped twice.

Rolling Stone

That's Earl, folks!

## Spotless Again

By Doug McRae

Over the summer Clatsop College received a much-heralded face lift, but a feature of the College that has not changed is its parking problem.

As a result of the surrounding landscape the College has not expanded parking lots beyond the 250 spots on campus, nor are there any plans in the works for new parking areas.

As the situation now stands there are approximately 500 full time students attending Clatsop, according to Jim Hogan, Director of Admissions. Many of these students drive their vehicles to school. Part time students who have daytime classes add to the bulging lots. As a result there is one parking space for every two students.

Alan Batchelder, Dean of Students, explains that problems usually occur at the beginning of the term but are worked out naturally as students learn of alternate places to park.

Batchelder also stated he does not feel parking is a pressing problem and that the College does not wish to get involved with permits and hassling people. However, the dean said, the College is forced to act when cars block traffic through the lots. Batchelder admitted there is some concern about the situation and said he would study the lots at a later date.



## State of the Art Department CLATSOP 22

By John Crowley

Sorry, kids—maybe next year.

That's the word from the state regarding the Columbia River Maritime Museum building. In a letter to the governor, College President Phil Bainer requested the state to transfer the old building to the college when the museum moves to its new waterfront site. The college hoped to move the Art Dept. there. Specifically, Bainer requested an arrangement similar to the one currently in effect, whereby the museum leases the building from the state for \$25 a month. Failing that, the prez asked Bob Straub to consider "allowing the college to enter into some long-term arrangement with the state, which would make the property available for college purposes."

Replying last week, Keith Burns, Executive Assistant to the Governor, reminded Bainer that the property is controlled by the Military Department. "The Museum portion was included in the now abandoned plan to sell the entire armory to Clatsop Community College," Burns wrote. "I am sure that the Military Department cannot consider separate sale of the facility, since the buildings are connected and are in reality one structure."

The college abandoned the plan because the school's building fund wouldn't cover the \$200,000 asking price. One factor in the decision was the higher-than-expected cost of converting the Trinity Lutheran Church into a Music Department.

Ironically, the state acquired the property from the City of Astoria in the 1940's for \$10. The federal government built the armory, connecting it to the museum building, the old Astoria City Hall. The state then acquired the deed to the Armory for the sum of \$1.

Recently the city became involved on behalf of the college and asked the state to sell back the armory property to the city for a nominal price. In a letter to City Manager Dale Curry, Straub said the state couldn't release the armory without payment of \$200,000, either directly from the college or through a special legislative act which would set aside money in state construction projects.

Neither of those conditions are likely to be met, however. The college building reserve can't cover it, and even though State Senator Chuck Hanlon is introducing a bill in the legislature to appropriate \$200,000 to transfer the property, it is not likely to pass.

The state came short of closing the door on the deal, however. "The Military Department has advised me," Burns wrote in his letter to Bainer, "that it will be willing to consider a lease of the museum portion of the Armory to the college once the Maritime Museum officially provides a proposed date of vacation of the premises. Cost will, of necessity, depend on the kind of agreement reached. The \$25 per year figure is one which has been in effect for a number of years, and a new lease would probably not be available at that figure."

The museum's lease on the building expires in June, but another lease is expected to be arranged because at this date it looks like the move will take longer.

"All we can do is just sit and wait," mused Phil Bainer. "It'll be interesting to see what the Military Department will do with the old Maritime Museum building. They'll look pretty foolish having it empty and not letting anybody else use it, either."





## Ballot Measure 7 Dialogue

Ballot Measure No. 7, which would provide for partial public funding of political campaigns for statewide, House, and Senate races, "would create more harm than good," charged an opponent.

Speaking on KATU-TV recently, Warren Deras, Portland attorney and organizer of a group called "Free Elections," disagreed with claims of supporters of the measure that it would institute long overdue reform.

Deras was the plaintiff in the case of *Deras vs. Myers* in which the Oregon Supreme Court declared unconstitutional in an Oregon law that limited campaign expenditures. The outcome of this controversial case is widely credited with the introduction of Measure No. 7 on the November ballot.

"We had a dam removed," observed Charles Habernigg, past chairman of Common Cause and proponent of the measure. "There are waters of uncertain kinds flowing from all sorts of tributaries that may well flow and destroy something that we feel is true about Oregon politics: that we have clean politics and that we are relatively free of 'big money New Jersey' politics and the like. This is an attempt to fill that dam back up to the top."

The measure would authorize a check off system whereby taxpayers would indicate on their income tax returns that they approve of \$1.50 (\$3 on joint returns) being spent for campaigns.

Marking such funds neither would increase the amount of tax paid by the citizen nor reduce any refund to which he is entitled. The funds only could be used for communication purposes; that is, bumper stickers, mailings and the like, and not for staff or other administrative costs.

Under the plan a gubernatorial candidate, for example, would be eligible for up to \$90,000 in public funds provided contributions raised from private sources don't exceed that sum. Past that point, the candidate would be docked.

Citing the increased advantage the measure would provide to candidates challenging better-funded incumbents, proponent Stevie Remington, head of the ACLU in Portland, called the measure a "voter information bill, not a candidate support bill."

"Since democracy began," she said, "its supporters and critics alike have worried about undue influence that large contributions often create."

Habernigg underscored this by pointing out that 75 per cent of campaign funds stem from contributions of more than \$100.

In addition, Ms. Remington said, the measure would encourage minority members and women, traditionally less successful at private fund-raising, to become more personally involved in the electoral process.

Deras contested this assertion, reminding the panel the measure would apply only to general elections. Candidates in primary elections still would be left to their own devices.

Dorothea Pinch, head of the task force of the Oregon League of Women Voters that researched the measure, shared Deras' doubt regarding the measure's suitability. While the LWV generally favors public funding of campaigns, she said, Measure No. 7 raises too many questions. She is concerned with the \$850,000 the plan would take from the general revenue funds, as well as another \$150,000 in administrative costs.

The measure is supported by the Oregon AFL-CIO, Governor Bob Straub, State-treasurer James Redden and the Oregon Women's Political Caucus, not to mention the Associated Student Body of Clatsop College.

## Camino is coming!



What will those guys do next? That's what folks are always asking about our high-spirited Drama Department, and the answer is CAMINO REAL. Ed Collier and friends are currently working up Tennessee Williams' tale of mirth, mayhem and intrigue in a crazy little town south o' the border. Er, that's where the story is, not Ed and friends. Anyway, target date is November 12 at the gymnasium. After that... who knows? More to come.



## On the Wall

Thanks to Martha Johnson, our student union is filled with folks 24 hours a day.

Martha's the artist who designed and painted the beautiful mural in the space previously occupied by a rather undistinguished orange wall. No one knows how many gallons of paint the job required, but according to all reports Martha labored long and hard to commit the design to the wall, occasionally working long into the night.

For one part of the mural, Martha chose a site just west of the Astoria Bridge to make sketches to work from. For the other area, students and local folks modeled for her, none of them reluctantly. A careful observer can locate several familiar faces on the wall, including a student body president and an editor who didn't think he'd like to look at himself all year.

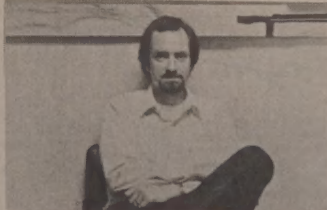
Martha submitted her design, as did nine other hopefuls, to a vote of the study body last spring and emerged with a winner and a \$1200 contract to beautify the student union.

Although students and faculty members alike have been kicking the idea around for some years, it was the first time the project had been satisfactorily undertaken. Some years back, old timers may recall, a few adventurous art students had committed their singular (and, for the most part, incongruous) designs on the walls, but after consulting with their stomachs, school officials decided to let the memory of the project suffice. Poof.

No such problem here. Comment on the mural has been overwhelmingly favorable, and it looks like the Martha Johnson Mural will endure as one student's way of beautifying Clatsop.

Martha's moved on to art school, but if you ever see her about town, give her your regards (she's the fourth one from the right).

## Mark Christie Runs



Candidate for City Commissioner Mark Christie

Mark Christie's trying to make a difference.

In this year of passive politics, Mark believes citizens should exercise their right to determine where their city is headed, so he's thrown his hat into the ring and is running for the position of City Commissioner from Ward 2 (which includes A.S.H.).

Mark became involved in city government while serving on the City of Astoria Building Committee, a citizens' group appointed by Mayor Chopping. The committee was charged with developing recommendations concerning location and design of fire and police facilities for the City.

Mark is interested in seeing a City Council which represents all citizens of the City, which actively solicits taxpayer opinions on issues rather than sitting back and waiting for the people to come to them.

He is running against an incumbent Republican Commissioner, Arnold Swanson.

The most important tasks facing the City Council, Mark feels, are:

1) Maintaining a responsible fiscal policy without dangerously restricting the city's potential.

2) Beginning a comprehensive preparation for the arrival of Brown and Root. Should include careful assessment of B&R's impact on the city and planning to prevent disruptions due to increased demands on city services.

3) Taking steps to resolve the expensive and demoralizing conflicts between the city and its employees.

We who know Mark Christie are proud that he's offering himself for the cause. A better candidate never came down the pike. Good luck, Mark!

## Where Have You Gone, Joe Dimaggio?

By Bill Owen

There was a time when Clatsop College had many varsity teams. I can remember when we had a cross country team, quite a few years back. I can also vaguely remember a basketball team, golf team and a tennis team. They left us only last year. Many of you new students may be wondering what happened in the sports program here. Well so am I. I'm sure there's a lot more in the story than I can tell, but for the benefit of those who know less than I, here it is.

Last fall there were a lot of new faces here. I found out early in the term that some players had actually been recruited to play for Clatsop. Some area prep stars were on the team along with some truly excellent ballplayers from Indianapolis, Indiana. Things looked good, with a possibility for a winning season.

Somewhere, somehow the team didn't jell. They won a total of two games and finished the season with only eight players on the roster. The intramural program profited from the varsity's loss, however, as many ex-varsity players formed teams and joined the competition.

Something had to be done about the varsity program. For more than just a few years there had been a lack of school support for games. Attendance was sparse to say the very least. And the team had not been doing so well.

Then came a proposal from the college president's office, to drop varsity basketball for both men and women and drop varsity golf. In lieu of varsity sports, the intramural program was fattened up with the idea that a lot more students would benefit. The proposal was supported by the ASBI president (last year's) and met small resistance, so it passed.

So here we are, and I am very disappointed that we no longer compete with other schools, though I can't say that I disagree with the decision that was made. I support the intramural program and agree that it will benefit many more students than the previous program. I would personally appreciate you, the student, turning out at the games (up in the gym) if for no other reason than to watch my team clean up.



## Your Future?

Columbia, Mo. A pilot clinical study of ultrasound treatment for the suppression of sperm production shows that it may be a safe, effective and even pleasurable form of male contraception, a scientist at the University of Missouri here reports.

Besides blocking spermatogenesis painlessly, says Dr. M.S. Fahim, professor of reproductive biology, the use of ultrasound vibrations usually increases the patient's libido, or sex drive, often creates a pleasurable sensation and, unlike a vasectomy, is a naturally reversible process.

The treatment is given in a chair which holds the patient's testes in a cup of water acting as a coupling agent for ultrasonic vibrations.

Three months after the ten minute treatment, Dr. Fahim reports, sperm production in his study patients remains at zero and he estimates that the process will continue to be effective for two years.

He envisions continuing treatment along the lines of the Turkish bath. "Men could go to a health club-like clinic and take treatments simply by sitting in a chair," he explains.

Moneysworth

## Be a Sport

By Bill Owen

Astoria—Because of the absence of varsity sports this year, there was room in the budget to have a number of intramural programs that had previously not existed.

Basketball and volleyball will be played this term, volleyball already being underway and basketball starting the 18th.

The girls will be playing city league volleyball, and their matches will be played at the middle school in the big gym. Last year was the first year of competition for the women in the city league, and this year will prove to be exciting at the very least. Mary Gabriel, the coach, is urging students to attend games and cheer the team on to victory.

Del Bjork is running the basketball program for the boys, and is looking for some men to take the responsibility for becoming team captains and forming their teams. So far only one team has been organized, so a lot more are needed before the season can begin. People are urged to participate.

One intramural area that is not being taken advantage of is the golf program. The college is paying the green fees for students who wish to play. All you need are your clubs and balls. Tuesdays and Thursdays have been set aside for us at the Gearhart golf course and so far only five students are signed up. Again, people are urged to participate.

The winter basketball will continue for the boys and will begin for the girls. In the spring everyone will be playing tennis. There is a club being formed but it is a little slow in getting together because of lack of time; by spring it is hoped that we can have a tournament or two.

So the programs have been planned and are waiting for the students to take advantage of them. Let's see if we can't have some fun, exciting, competitive and attended games this year.

## Election Time

Student Body elections are upon us once again! This year's crop of hopefuls include some old faces and some new ones.

Running for the vice presidential slot is Bill Owen, veteran council member and currently Liberal Arts Rep.

Trying for Sophomore President is another vet, Jim Maltby. In the race for Sophomore vice president are Deniece Lemaster and Linda Seganos. Robert Strom and Linda Sym are competing for Freshman President, while Leslie (Chris) Hall and Jan Hearron vie for Frosh vice-president.

Running unopposed for Treasurer is Barbara J. Martin.

Positions for which one has filed are: Lib. Art. Rep., Vot-Tech Rep. and Evening School Rep. These offices will become appointive after the election.

Polls will be open today, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Check the Daily Bulletin for exact times and get out the vote!



Candidate for Vice-president Bill Owen



Candidate for Vice President  
David O. Mohr

Candidate for Sophomore President Jim Maltby



Candidates for Sophomore Vice-president Deniece Lemaster, Linda Seganos



Candidates for Freshman President Robert Strom, Linda Sym



Candidates for Freshman Vice-president Chris Hall, Jan Hearron



Candidate for Treasurer Barbara J. Martin



Judge Crater—please call your office.





# Good Neighbor?

From the Willamette Valley Observer, November 14-27, 1975:  
Infamous multinational hits Oregon trail

by Ken Doctor

"Texas is a state with one Senator from Standard Oil and one Senator from Brown and Root." Wayne Morse, 1953.

In 1960, the story goes, a group of Protestant ministers begged Lyndon Baines Johnson to run for President. "Senator Kennedy," the pastors reportedly said, "will dig a tunnel right from the Vatican to the White House."

"I'm not worried about the tunnel," Johnson supposedly replied, "as long as Brown and Root gets the contract."

Brown & Root (B&R) builds tunnels and a great deal more. Sixty years ago Herman Brown started hauling dirt in an old truck. Now B&R is busy on every continent. It's the biggest engineering and construction company in the United States. Number One.

And it's the third biggest construction company in the world with contracts in the Dominican Republic, Singapore, Iraq, Peru, the North Sea and in Siberia. It's connected with zinc, copper, sugar, uranium, natural gas and oil operations. Last year, B&R took in \$2.3 billion.

Now, for the first time, Brown & Root is coming to Oregon. Gov. Bob Straub recently returned from a trip to B&R headquarters in Houston with the announcement that the company would build a \$37 million plant on 300 acres along the Skipanon River in Warrenton, a few miles west of Astoria.

The plant will manufacture offshore drilling platforms — rigs that will be used in the Gulf of Alaska and off the California coast line. The federal government is about to let leases for both areas soon and when it does, B&R will have a lot of business on its hands.

"He (Straub) owes this one to Astoria," a Eugene Register-Guard editorial advised, back in September. And indeed the proposed plant may well repair some of the poor relations between the people of the north coast and the governor.

Soon after Straub became governor, he played a major role in transferring the proposed Alumax Aluminum plant from Warrenton to Hermiston. With the transfer went the promise of several hundred new jobs needed for the economically depressed area.

So when Straub announced that B&R could produce 1200 new jobs within three to five years, area groups from the Chamber of Commerce to the Clatsop Environmental Council announced their immediate support.

"This would be a better plumb for Astoria than Alumax," Straub emphasized in an interview with the Observer.

But the plumb may turn sour when North Coast residents and other Oregonians learn the whole story about B&R. When other communities have, tremendous fireworks have been set off.

"It's dividing households, friends and families. We have a unique lifestyle that we don't want ruined because of Brown & Root," says David Barker, news director of the Eastern Shore News in Cape Charles, Va.

Brown & Root proposed an offshore drilling plant in that small (pop. 2000) Chesapeake Bay community in mid-1974, soon after the community of Port Royal, S.C. rejected a similar plant in fear the factory would damage a nearby estuary.

But the Board of Supervisors in the Virginia fishing and farming area turned down the offer, citing "people pollution" and "shady dealings" as the main reasons.

And, says Barker, they feared "Brown & Root would control the political base of the county in a few years." Those fears, explained Barker, had been amplified by what the community had uncovered about B&R's history.

To understand B&R, you must first understand the hand-in-glove relationship the company has traditionally enjoyed with Texas politicians.

As an infant, the company was nurtured by New Deal power stations and dam projects. Later, it gained numerous war contracts, becoming a ship-building wonder. Then it received military construction contracts in Korea. And finally, in Vietnam the construction consortium of RMK-BRJ gained contracts totalling some \$1.3 billion. The BR of the consortium was Brown & Root.

The company's rise to prominence and fortune parallels the rise of such political luminaries as Sam Rayburn, Lyndon Johnson, John Connally and Watergate prosecutor Leon Jaworski.

B&R's history is an unbroken scenario of alleged corruption and graft extending over three decades, charges that were never prosecuted but charges which nonetheless boggle the mind.

"They're probably the most corrupt company and the most successfully corrupt company in American history," says one prominent Lane County Democrat experienced in the ways of national politics.

In 1942 B&R first fell afoul of the law. The Internal Revenue Service began checking into the company's campaign contributions and found that many had been disguised as bonuses and "business expenses."

Two years later, after the intervention of the White House, Brown & Root admitted to fraud and paid \$372,000.

Culled from the back pages of the Wall Street Journal and the New York Times, are some highlights of B&R's political past:

**VIETNAM** — "The consortium is Vietnam's largest employer. It has dotted the landscape with huge warehouses, jet airstrips, deep water ports and other facilities that are nothing short of overnight miracles," reports a 1966 Times article.

Congressional committees saw it differently. In 1966, the House Government Operations subcommittee charged that the construction had lost or wasted some \$125 million in materials. And two years and a \$200 million cost overrun later, Sen. Abraham Ribicoff (D-Conn.) charged that millions of dollars had been "squandered because of inefficiency, dishonesty, corruption and foolishness."

**ANTI-LABOR** — A "Brown and Root job," says David Welsh in a 1969 Ramparts article tracing the fortunes of the company is "a household expression among Texas workmen to describe anything distasteful or unrewarding."

For years, the company pushed hard for "right to work" legislation making union shops illegal. And in Vietnam the company used police to break the chronic strikes on its jobs. Welsh reports Vietnamese workers were paid one-sixtieth of their American colleagues.

**PERU** — In a 1971 Ugly American incident, that Peruvian government threw B&R out of the country after it failed to fulfill a contract in building a road across the Andes. The government charged the company with corruption (using building materials for the homes of company officials), poor workmanship (parts of the road were graded so that landslides soon covered it) fraud and conspiracy. The Government Accounting Office (GAO), the Congressional watchdog, found the charges true and that the Agency for International Development (A.I.D.) which loaned Peru \$46 million for the project, had failed to properly supervise B&R. In addition, Charles Pettis, a B&R engineer who supplied information to the GAO soon found himself blackballed from the international construction business.

**NATO** — In 1962, the GAO found that B&R had overcharged the U.S. government \$3.7 million for the building of nine NATO bases. John Connally, a former B&R attorney, was Secretary of the Navy at the time of the construction.

**PROJECT MOHOLE** — As part of a geo-physical research effort, B&R won a \$55 million contract to drill a hole into the Earth's crust. But after having expended the money on "preparations," B&R came back to Congress in May 1966 and asked for \$19 million more so it could actually drill the hole. But Congress put it off.

During the next three months, members of George Brown's family donated \$25,000 to LBJ's President's Club. Then Congressman Donald Rumsfeld (R-Ill.) blew the whistle on the conflict-of-interest and the project died.

There are many other stories as well. Stories about how the B&R constructed Washington D.C. Stadium developed a major crack soon after it was built. And stories about how Houston, over a thousand miles away from Cape Canaveral, won the Manned Spacecraft Center after a Texas Congressman told JFK that was the only way the space program would be approved. Brown & Root won the \$250 million contract for construction.

Told of these stories and allegations, Gov. Straub expressed surprise.

"I've heard about the company for some time and I consider Brown & Root to be a highly reputable company and if there are any facts to the contrary, I'd be very surprised," he told the Observer.

Would he change his mind if he was convinced of the company's wrong-doing?

"No," said Straub slowly. "I'm concerned about how they operate in the State of Oregon and how the plant at Warrenton is run and whether they fully comply with the state's rules and regulations and whether they provide employment opportunities. That's what I'm concerned about."

The governor emphasized that, environmentally, the plant is supposed to be "clean." Only a small amount of dredging and fill will be needed to make the plant operational and no air or water pollution problems are anticipated.

If Brown and Root's soil tests prove out and if Alaskan leases are soon let, the company could have its plant in operation by next spring, says Straub. And, he emphasized, B&R has agreed to operate as a strictly union shop in Oregon.

And, for one, Bob Straub is not afraid that Brown & Root will come to wield in Oregon the kind of power it has in Texas and Washington D.C.

"These things don't happen in Oregon," he said. "They'll learn we're a different state. We do things out in the open and above the table." He stopped thoughtfully. "Legislatures aren't bought in the State of Oregon, nor is the Governor."

From The Texans by James Conaway (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1976):

For many, Brown & Root is a perfect symbol of collusion between big government and big business. The company's rise paralleled that of Lyndon Johnson from hill-country swain to the most powerful man on earth; it managed to benefit from every administration from the New Deal to Nixon's New American Revolution, and beyond. That Brown & Root could grow fat on a steady diet of cost-plus government contracts and at the same time defy organized labor as Socialistic is a tribute to home-state political pragmatism. (Where money is involved, there can be no hypocrisy.) That Brown & Root could exploit Vietnam as its own personal bonanza, all in the name of anti-Communism (for patriotism in the mouths of consorts, read profits), and now be in league with the Russians to develop their Siberian gas reserves with appropriate subsidies provided by the United States government is indicative of the subtle anarchy that reigns among the multinationals.

The Brown & Root story is also one of obsessive secrecy, of meticulous accommodation of those in power — the Browns bought a magnificent country estate in Virginia's hunt country, just to be close to Lyndon's Washington — and the pervasive hand of privilege. Influence is personal, always discreet, reflected in the words of Johnson's aide who, when asked to suggest some essentially Texan music to be played at campaign rallies, said with only a trace of a smile, "Why not 'Sweet George R. Brown'?" (pages 92-3)

The Browns' influence was great in Texas, and it also extended to Washington. By the early 1950s, Herman helped block legislation in Congress he considered obnoxious. His heavy backing contributed

greatly to the success of the Taft-Hartley Act, and in Texas he could affect passage of almost any bill through the legislature. The Browns' influence was not based solely upon money; it was rather the judicious and vigorous application of money, in conjunction with an active interest in politics. Herman and George not only had powerful friends and several fortunes, but they were also willing to spend their own time and effort seeing that candidates were elected, bills passed, and the state of Texas kept safe for free enterprise. (p. 101)

Legislation that Herman (Brown) found most repulsive was that identified with labor — minimum wages, grievance clauses, unemployment insurance, the very recognition of unions. He was powerful enough to obtain an injunction in state court denying organized labor the right to picket any Brown & Root construction sites, or even to distribute printed literature. He is given credit for the passage of the most favored of laws by contractors, which made it illegal for an employer or an employee to enter into a contract requiring membership or lack of membership in any organization as a condition of work. ...The Browns never used union labor when it could be avoided, which was most of the time... (pages 103-4).

Employees of Brown & Root were — and still are — expected to support company-approved candidates. Races for Congress, the state legislature, the Houston school board, and the mayor's office are treated with equal seriousness. Employees contribute, as well as vote. (pages 104-5)

The Brown Foundation, set up in 1951 as the haven for the estates of Herman and his wife, was reported to have become a substantial contributor to organizations connected with the Central Intelligence Agency. (page 106)

(Conaway has devoted an entire fascinating chapter to the subject of Brown & Root. Everyone in Clatsop County should read it.)

## Book Rook?

Whatsa matter, Bunky? Ya say you just came out of the bookstore wearing a barrel? Ya say you spent so much dough on books this term you've had to forego lunch indefinitely? Well, chin up! Someone's been having a good time with your money! Here's who:

## WHERE THE NEW TEXTBOOK DOLLAR GOES

MANUFACTURING AND DISTRIBUTION COSTS

### College Students and Others

Have been spending more than \$450 million a year for textbooks. This is not a very large amount of money when compared to other American industries where that annual amount is realized every week or month!



12.1¢

#### Author

This was the average royalty payment in 1974. This is gross payment to the author. Out of this the author pays for research, typing expense, travel and other items connected with both the research and writing of his book.



6.5¢

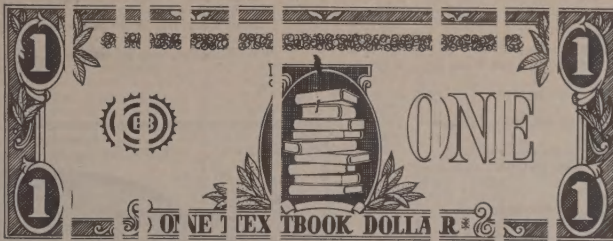
#### Publisher

Income to the publisher to provide capital for author advances, reinvestment, market research, new product development, and stockholders.

1¢

#### College Bookstore

This amount received by the bookstore per textbook dollar spent is very low when the store's operating expenses are considered: 19¢ (See items on bookstore salaries and operating expenses). 10



5.3¢

#### Publisher's Services

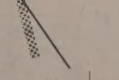
This covers the cost of maintaining and operating the storage, shipping, and handling as well as the billing, accounting, and financing required to move the books from the publisher to bookstore and keep accurate records for each of thousands of titles.



12¢

#### Bookstore Operating Expenses

In addition to bookstore salaries this amount is consumed by expenses required to maintain and operate an efficient college bookstore. These expenses span the spectrum of running a store — from the costs of physical facilities through accounting, record keeping, transportation to and from the store and back to publisher and the myriad other expenses to assure prompt, efficient service to students and others who purchase textbooks to secure the knowledge they seek.



9.1¢

#### Other Publisher's Expenses

This expense covers employee welfare, rent, heat, light and salaries not included in the items above.



27.2¢

#### Publisher's Production and Editorial Expense

These expenses include the cost of making arrangements for books to be written, editing manuscripts, procuring illustrations, setting type, designing, making and proofreading galley and page proofs, making plates to print the pages, purchasing paper, printing, binding and delivering books to the publisher's warehouse.

7¢

#### Bookstore Salaries

For each dollar spent for textbooks bookstores pay this amount for personnel salaries.

11.8¢

#### Publisher's Sales and Promotional Expenses

This covers the cost of salaries and expenses of men in the field, plus the complimentary copies of books they send to professors. In addition, printed material such as mailing pieces, catalogs and advertising in professional journals are costs which are included in this amount.



8¢

#### Taxes

Local, state and Federal income taxes and do not include sales taxes as required by many cities and states.

NOTE: The above statistics are based on the 1974 Surveys of the Operations of College and Textbook Publishers and Colleges for AAP and NACS by John P. Driscoll, Inc.





CARTOON/ OFTEN HAVE A WAY  
OF /SHOWING US OUR LIFE/ IN A  
DIFFERENT PER/PECTIVE. THEY'RE  
A LOT LIKE COUNTRY /BLUES/. IT'S  
NOT /O MUCH WHAT YOU /SEE  
THAT'S/ IMPORTANT AS WHERE YOU'RE  
/SEEING IT FROM/.

AND IF YOU'RE OCCA/SIONALLY  
WONDERED WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LIVE  
IN ONE, /TEWBALL CAN LET YOU  
IN WITH A /LONG ABOUT FALLING  
IN LOVE WITH A DEPARTMENT  
/STORE MANNEQUIN/ OR A POET.  
ABOUT QUICKFOOD /JOINTS/ AND  
OVERPOPULATION, OR MAYBE JUST  
WITH HIS MAN/NERIUMS/.

HE CLAIMS/ HIS FATHER WAS A D/C-  
JOCKEY AND THAT HE WAS RAISED  
FIDDLING AROUND /MONTANA/ DATED ON  
AN OLD /TURNTABLE IN THE BACK OF A  
53 FORD /EDAR/.

IN HIS /POCKET HE KEEPS/ A /MOKEY  
MIXTURE OF COUNTRY, FOLK, BLUES/  
ROCK, CLASSICAL AND TRADITIONAL  
MUSIC. /TEWBALL'S/ CARTOON OF  
PRAIRIE ROMANCE... SAN FRANCISCO/  
/TREET LIFE... TRAGEDY IN THE  
MOUNTAINS/.

THE WIND THAT BLOW/ OUT OF HIS/  
POCKET COME/ CRU/P AND CLEAR

IT WAS BORN OF A GOOD TIME  
AND IT CAN BE AS WILD AS A BUCK-  
/HAW COAT OR AS /MOOTH AS THE  
/MILE OF A GAMBLER.



## A Poem

By Ken Stilger

City wastes draw a veil in the sky  
Businesses are born, competitors die.  
Steelhat men push skeletons to the moon,  
up is the only way left got to make room  
got to make room.  
Hedges hide long tall grass that once easily waved  
and now is a prisoner, and by other prisoners shaved.  
frosty mornings are nice, but I prefer fire to ice!

Listen . . .

In this part of town, in this heart of town.  
Where life is merely survival, He struggles for revival.  
From his six bit room stained with wine, he struggles to get to  
work on time.

He struggles with his shoes, then rushes to get the news,  
past these  
Wine bottles emerald green clutter, the cement, sielient shrines  
whose offering has been lent.  
I've noticed the polished white cane with the battered red tip  
His shoes are old with old shoe laces, shredded by time,  
tied in knots, held together by dirt and grime.  
and when he dies, a few will mourn  
whom they once scorned and dawn will come once again  
Crash waves  
beat the cliffs to sand  
could be great this creature . . . man.

### EVELYN, A MODIFIED DOG

Evelyn, a modified dog,  
Viewed the quivering fringe of a special dolly  
Draped across the piano with some surprise.

In the darkened room  
Where the chairs dismayed  
And the horrible curtains muffled the rain  
She could hardly believe her eyes.

A curious breeze  
A garlic breath  
Which sounded like a snore  
Somewhere near the Steinway (or even from within)  
Had caused the dolly fringe  
To waft and tremble in the gloom.

Evelyn, a dog,  
Having undergone further modification  
Pondered the significance of short-person behavior  
In pedal-depressed panchromatic resonance  
And other highly ambient domains.

"Ari," she said.

## People First!

We recognize each other by our love;  
Our life together is a life of thanksgiving for having found each  
other.

A simple faith of life and building, with love as our guide.  
People know us best by how we treat them;

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure,  
And whether it be right.  
So we should treat other people the way we want other people to  
treat us;

We should put people before anything else!

Stig



### Beaver Dam

Let us  
Dam  
The stupid  
Eager  
Beaver who  
Knowing not  
His aspen  
From a  
Pole in the  
Ground  
Persists in  
Barking  
Up  
The wrong  
Tree.

# veterans

By Dave Rinehart

## Nuclear Energy

Significant safety questions remain unresolved with our present nuclear power program. Establishment of responsible safety standards has not yet been accomplished by the federal government and other regulatory agencies.

Oregon's own nuclear regulatory agency, the Energy Facility Siting Council, has not adopted safety standards for the nuclear power industry, except to the extent that the standards are already set by the federal government. And it is becoming increasingly clear that the federal government has not acted in the best interests of Oregon citizens. The government has not required that proto-type nuclear safety systems be tested in actual operation before plants are built. It has also admitted that it has no "goals, objectives, and general environmental criteria for waste management."

Finally, the federal government has given nuclear plant owners and operators an artificial limit on their legal responsibility for safe operation of their plants. All members of Oregon's Energy Facility Siting Council serve "at the pleasure of the Governor." In other words, they could all be replaced today if the Governor were unhappy with any of their decisions.

Oregonians have been subject to the hit-and-miss policies of the state and federal nuclear regulatory agencies for too long. As we move into a period of declining energy supply and escalating energy demand, it is imperative that our continued development of nuclear power be done as safely as possible.

By voting "YES" on Ballot Measure 5 in November you are deciding what safety conditions you would like met. You are not deciding if nuclear wastes can or can't be safely stored and you are not deciding if emergency nuclear power safety systems do or don't work. The measure simply establishes a public, legislative procedure to determine the answers to these questions.

As Oregonians, we have a tradition of protecting our natural heritage — we guard our air, our water, and our way of life. We cannot afford to reverse this trend on nuclear power development. We must demand the best possible safeguards for our citizens, for our industry, and for our children.

## ALL DRESSED UP AND NO PLACE TO GO



Having a party? Show friends your uncommittedness. Rent a transvestite.

## Eat!

### No-Knead French Bread

- 1 cake compressed or packaged dry granular yeast
- 1 1/2 c. warm water
- 1 T. sugar
- 1 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 T. soft shortening, butter or margarine
- 4 c. sifted all purpose flour

melted butter or margarine  
Sprinkle yeast in 1/2 c. water. Stir until dissolved. In a large bowl dissolve sugar and salt in remaining 1 cup water. Add shortening, butter or margarine and yeast mixture. Mix well. Add flour and mix well. Work through dough with spoon five times at 10-minute intervals.

Turn dough onto lightly floured surface. Divide in half. Shape into two balls. Let rest for 10 minutes. Roll each ball into a 12 by 9 inch rectangle, then roll firmly, as for jelly roll, starting with long side. Place rolls on baking sheet. Score top with knife, diagonally, 6 times. Cover with a warm, damp towel. Let rise 1 1/2 hours.

Bake in moderately hot oven, 400 degrees, for 30 minutes. Brush with melted butter or margarine while still warm. Yield: 2 loaves

### Vegetarian Vegetable Soup

- 1/2 med. onion
- 3 cloves garlic
- one-third bell pepper
- 4 stalks celery
- 6 med. potatoes
- 8 carrots
- 2 small cans tomato sauce
- 2 bay leaves
- savory
- ground basil leaves
- ground thyme
- 1/4 c. barley
- 1/4 c. rice
- salt

Wash vegetables and cut into bite-size pieces. Coarsely chop bell pepper, onion and garlic. Put into a large, heavy pan. Add seasoning, barley, rice, tomato sauce and enough water to cover vegetables. Bring to a boil, lower heat, cover and let simmer until vegetables are tender. Add any left over vegetables you have during the last 15 minutes of cooking. The amount of seasoning you add is according to your taste. I never measure, just add what seems to be the right amount. Serves 10.

## Eat!

### Carrot Cake

- 1 and one-third c. sugar
- one-third c. water
- 1 c. raisins
- 2 T. butter
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 grated med. sized carrots.
- Boil mixture slowly for 7 minutes or until carrots are done. Let stand until cool.
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 c. walnuts
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 c. flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder

Sift dry ingredients and add to carrot mixture. Mix well. Bake in 375 degree oven for 30 minutes. I have found that when a cake or cookie recipe calls for 1 tsp. of salt that this is too much. 1/2 or 3/4 will give you much better results.

### Grandma's Medicine for the Stomach

- 1 oz. senna leaves
  - 1 oz. rhubarb
  - 1 oz. manna
  - 1 oz. raisins
  - 1/4 oz. aloes
  - 1/4 oz. staranise
  - 1/2 oz. ex licorice
  - 1 quart whiskey
- Mix well and put into jar (or stomach).

### Dysentery Medicine

- 3 tsp. flour
  - 1/2 tsp. red peppers
- Add water until thin enough to drink.

## EAT!

### Hello: A Raise For G.I. Bill Vets?

Hi, and welcome from the Veterans' Office here at Clatsop College.

Since we in this office are concerned with veterans' affairs, that's what this column will be all about. There will not be any star-spangled ship-over articles or be-proud-you're-a-veteran appeals. There will be current news on a national, state, and local level which concerns veterans, their dependents, and their survivors.

Now don't stop reading if you aren't a veteran! Have you a parent who is a veteran? A brother? A husband? If so you may well find something of interest in this column. If not you should be interested in what's happening with veterans anyway; who knows, you may even be one someday.

Enough of that, now to the news.

At the time of this writing there lies, somewhere on President Ford's desk, a bill of much importance to the student veteran population of the country. This bill, passed during the last hours of the 94th Congress (after the House and Senate clocks had been stopped), has three possible fates; it may be vetoed, or it may be ignored (pocket vetoed) and let die after thirty days (conveniently after election day), or it may be signed into law.

If the bill is signed by President Ford, it will become law and change the present GI Bill to provide:

- 1) An 8 per cent increase in subsistence or educational allowance for disabled veterans pursuing voc-rehab training, for veterans taking college, farm cooperative, apprenticeship and correspondence course training, and for disabled veterans' dependents and veterans' survivors who are eligible for educational assistance.
- 2) An 8 per cent increase in tutorial assistance allowance for eligible veterans, and an extension of the tutorial program to non-college-degree institutional and technical courses.
- 3) Removal of the automatic 9-month extension must be used for undergraduate studies.

4) Extension of the ten year delimiting period for students whose course of study was interrupted due to physical or mental disability (excluding misconduct).

5) Allowance of maximum entitlement to veterans who served less than 18 months but were medically discharged due to a service-connected disability.

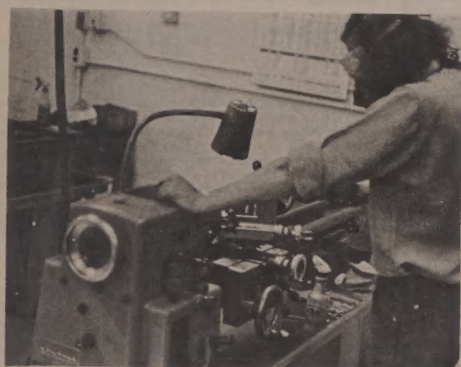
6) Extension of maximum entitlement for survivors and dependents from 36 to 45 months, and liberalization of the period of eligibility for use of educational benefits by eligible veterans' children.

7) An increase of the maximum annual VA educational loan from \$600.00 to \$1200.00, and provides that interest charges shall be comparable to but not exceed those of other federal educational loan programs.

This bill also establishes December 31, 1976 as the terminating date for eligibility for the BI Bill as we know it until such time as "universal military training" (the draft) is reinstituted.



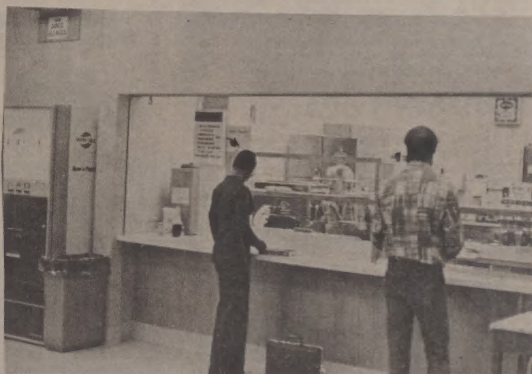
# Hot F



A fellow who's always declaring he's no fool usually has his suspicions.



ashes!!!



A good listener is not only popular everywhere, but after awhile he gets to know something.

# Editorial

## An Endorsement

Time to elect a president again. How the mind wanders back to elections past. It seems like only yesterday Dick Nixon appeared everywhere we looked, stabbing the sky with his fingers and calling for "four more years." A lot's happened since then. Gerald Ford of Michigan has become of all things—President of the U.S.; McGovern's gone back to Dakota; Agnew's gone away; Sinatra's retired and returned. And the Beatles still haven't reunited.

For God's sake, vote for Jimmy Carter.

## In the Meantime

Since it's unlikely that the college will acquire the Armory for a new, improved PE department, it's time the powers that be took a long, hard look at the present facilities.

Anyone who's taken a PE class will attest to the laughable facilities here at Clatsop. Sharing the showers would be no big deal if we weren't made to shower separately. And there's nary a bleacher from which to cheer our favorite intramural teams (the varsity having gone the way of the hula hoop).

Granted, we are limited both financially and geologically, but the athletic department seems to be withering on the vine, and we're wondering if the facilities aren't at least a contributing factor.

## Hold That Line

From the plethora of ballot measures being offered November 2, we'd like to cull just one and make a recommendation. Despite downright deceptive propaganda to the contrary, Measure 9 would not ban nuclear power from Oregon, but would institute strict safety requirements for proposed nuclear power generating facilities.

In all the hoopla, what the opposition fails to recognize is that one "blooper" is all it takes to create an irreversible, devastating nuclear accident.

Given the immense and awesome properties of nuclear power, we'd be well advised to take all precautions. Please vote YES on Nuclear Safeguards Measure 9.

## Library Legacy

Roberta Anderson's accomplishments as librarian here at Clatsop are numerous and noteworthy, and have been enumerated in the local press. What we at the Common Sense would like to do is reflect for a moment on the professional dedication and warm personal interest Mrs. Anderson has brought to her job, and how sorely she will be missed. Always a pleasure meeting you in the stacks, Roberta, and good luck in whatever new endeavors you undertake.



### COMMON SENSE

Editor ..... John F. Crowley  
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Ken Stilger, Dave Rinehart, Bill Owen  
Photographers ..... Stig Johannessen, Ken Stilger  
Darkroom ..... Steve Hawkins  
Tea, sympathy & Chevy Pickup ..... Diane Heintz  
Printing wizard ..... Yoko Ono  
..... Ken Bue

The Clatsop Common Sense is a publication of the Associated Student Body of Clatsop Community College. Editorial opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the views of anyone but the Editor. That should cover it.

## President Nixon Needs You!

President Nixon

Don't let them ruin this country. I'm tired of all the political muckraking as well as the negative press. By getting us out of Vietnam, you've proven to me you can get things done. Please continue your fight against inflation, waste in government and for world peace.

Sign \_\_\_\_\_ Town & State \_\_\_\_\_  
Your coupon will be delivered to the President.

CLIP (Mail To)

FRIENDS OF THE PRESIDENT, INC.  
c/o Marsh Giesecke 8  
1221 Baltimore  
Kansas City, Missouri 64105

A dollar contribution will help run other ads for more signatures.

## REGISTER TO VOTE NOW!

## GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST



To the Editor

Today I received my second parking ticket for parking across the street from the cafeteria. When on earth the police saw fit to write me a ticket, I'll never know. It's open space, and people who park there aren't in anyone's way. I think it's real arbitrary, not to mention a pain in the ass. somebody should look into this.

Michael Hunt

Editor, Common Sense:

May I compliment whoever put the carpeting in the student union! It's a joy for the feet and makes the place easier on the ears, too. The mural is outstanding, too. The place looks sharp this year.

Al Nikkola

Editor,

This is my first year at Clatsop and I must say nearly everyone here has been real helpful, especially the people in Admissions and Financial Aid. I said nearly everybody has been nice — there is one exception. The people who run the cafeteria down here make it seem as though they're doing you a favor by waiting on you — that you're interrupting them from more important business. I feel guilty just asking for something. No name, please — I've got enough trouble.

## WORDS

By Ken Stilger

The Bicentennial summer is over, merchants with smiling faces take down American flags, insert Santa Clause, and eight little reindeer. No longer nascent from patriotic fervor I'm still convinced that as great as democracy is, or may be, we can't thank the Declaration of Independence for the geologic features of the United States. The Rocky Mountains claim no party affiliation.

The Republican and Democratic TV spectacles prompted a premature exclamation; what a letdown! Conventions, it would seem, are headed the way of the dodo bird. But then not all is like it seems. The Jimmy and Jerry show reminds us not to take politics too seriously, that one of those two may be elected.

Locally, community leaders seem more concerned with personalities, character, assassination, and petty power trips, than the quality of life in Clatsop County. No long-range planning goals for the city of Astoria, sewage seeping into Youngs Bay, juvenile crime and non-existent leadership all could be solved with responsive community government.

Gillnetters are saying the same words to the native Americans that the White Thieves said over one hundred years ago. Under the guise of economic security, and the emotional plea of save the industry from extinction, gillnetters on the Columbia River continue to break the legal treaty again and again. After all, white rights are more important than Indian rights, and a treaty should only be kept if it benefits the good guys.

Henry Steele Commager, historian, states, "A people get the kind of government they deserve." but I really can't believe that the people of Astoria are unconcerned with community issues. I can't believe that Astorians are ignorant to social problems. I can't believe that hpe people of Astoria deserve the leadership they've gotten.

Dates to remember: October 29 dance—Whiskey Stick; Oct. 30, Stewball; Nov. 3, Kate Millet; Nov. 11-12 and 18-19, Camino Real.

The ASBI will support any initiative designed to eliminate dead man's intersection, 15th and Jerome; anyone who has had to pass that treacherous spot will attest to the danger of the intersection; it is impossible to tell how many lives have been shortened by the heartracking concern that greets a driver as she or he tensely maneuvers past the rubber marks of earlier mishaps. Something should be done.

It's with great pride that I announce the appointment of John Crowley as editor of the Common Sense. A lot of students and faculty have said, "Why John?" I say, "Why not?" For his first issue John has given an incredible amount of energy. From the Doughboy latrine to the men's john, no story has been too tough for him. A high achiever, we at the ASBI are sure that under his leadership Common Sense will not go to pot.

Where are you Frodo when we need you?



# From Our Files

## A COMMON CAUSE GUIDE FOR JUDGING THE CANDIDATES

Because the conduct and content of a Presidential candidate's political campaign are the forerunners of the conduct and content of the winner's

national administration, Common Cause urges citizens to measure the candidates' performance against the standards below.

### THE CANDIDATE CHECKLIST

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p><input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>Public Forums</b></p> <p>Engages in unrehearsed communication with voters, including participation in open hearings and forums with other candidates on the same platform, where the public is given opportunities to express their concerns, ask questions, and follow up on their questions.</p> <p><input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>Press Conferences</b></p> <p>Holds press conferences at least monthly throughout the campaign, and in every state where contesting a primary, at which reporters and broadcasters are freely permitted to ask questions and follow-up questions.</p> <p><input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>Candidate Polls</b></p> <p>Makes public all information relating to a given poll: if releasing or leaking any part of a campaign poll (including when and where the poll was conducted, by whom, a description of the sample of the population polled, as well as all questions and responses).</p> <p><input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>Office Holder Advantages</b></p> <p>Does not use taxpayer-supported services of any public office, now held—such as staff, transportation or free mailing privileges—for campaign purposes, except as required for personal security reasons.</p> | <p><input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>Issue Discussion</b></p> <p>Discusses issues which are high on the list of the people's concerns, as evidenced, for example, by national public opinion polls, clarifies alternatives and tradeoffs in a way that sets forth the real choices involved for the nation, and makes clear to the American people what choices he or she would make if elected to office.</p> <p><input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>Political Advertising</b></p> <p>Uses only advertising which stresses the record and viewpoint on issues of the candidates.</p> <p><input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>Campaign Responsibility</b></p> <p>Takes full public responsibility for all aspects of his or her campaign, including responsibility for campaign finance activities, campaign practices of staff, and campaign statements of principal spokespersons.</p> <p><input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>Financial Disclosure</b></p> <p>Makes public a statement of personal financial holdings, including assets and debts, sources of income, honoraria, gifts, and other financial transactions over \$1000, covering candidate, spouse and dependent children.</p> <p><input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>Interviews</b></p> <p>Allows interviews by a broad spectrum of TV, radio and newspaper reporters, including single interviewer formats which provide maximum opportunity for in-depth questions.</p> |
|---|--|

## Bonus

## Calendar:

We'd like to remind folks that starting next issue we'll have an events calendar. We would have had one this issue, but the only item submitted was a meeting of the Mazola Club.

Anyway, send your items in by Thursday the 28th.



Anarchy is against the law.

Be nice to people on your way up because you'll meet 'em on your way down.

### A Plethora of Phobias

Ailurophobia—fear of cats  
 Algophobia—fear of pain  
 Androphobia—fear of men  
 Apiphobia—fear of bees  
 Anthrophobia—fear of people  
 Arachibutyrophobia—fear of peanut butter sticking to the roof of your mouth  
 Astraphobia—fear of storms, thunder, lightning  
 Bacteriophobia—fear of microbes  
 Ballistophobia—fear of bullets  
 Botanophobia—fear of planes  
 Decidophobia—fear of making decisions  
 Clinophobia—fear of making beds  
 Gynephobia—fear of women  
 Mysophobia—fear of germs or contamination  
 Necrophobia—fear of dead bodies  
 Nosophobia—fear of disease  
 Nucleomitiophobia—fear of nuclear bombs  
 Nyctophobia—fear of night  
 Ombrophobia—fear of rain  
 Optophobia—fear of opening one's eyes  
 Peccatophobia—fear of sinning  
 Phobophobia—fear of one's own fears  
 Sophophobia—fear of learning  
 Syphilophobia—fear of syphilis  
 Technophobia—fear of technology  
 Trichophobia—fear of hair  
 Verbophobia—fear of words  
 Vestitiophobia—fear of clothing  
 Mayophobia—fear of being covered with warm mayonnaise  
 Triakadesophobia—fear of the number 13



## THOUGHT

How much do Americans make?

According to the IRS, the percentage of 1974 individual tax returns reporting adjusted gross incomes of more than \$1 million was about .001 per cent; \$500,000-\$1 million, .004 per cent; \$100,000-\$500,000, .2 per cent; \$50,000-\$100,000, .8 per cent; \$30,000-\$50,000, 2.6 per cent; \$20,000-\$30,000, 8.6 per cent; \$15,000-\$20,000, 12 per cent; \$10,000-\$15,000, 19 per cent; \$5,000-\$10,000, 25 per cent; and less than \$5,000, 31.5 per cent.

"Most people wouldn't know music if it came up and bit them on the ass."

FRANK ZAPPA

# Pear Doctor

The Common Sense is pleased to announce the return of Doctor Walter N. Profyayhtz to the advice column. Dr. Profyayhtz has spent the past several months exploring the wilds of Lake Titicaca, where he discovered a tribe of the long-lost Ak-Leek Indians, drinking the juice of the cacti. We are grateful for his safe return and wish him luck with new bride, the former Buffalo Bella.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Doctor,

My life is like twenty miles of bad road. Not only did I blow a chance at the Supreme Court, but the other day when I was cruising the can at the mall, who should I pick but... a plainclothes cop! After this I'll be lucky to sit on the bench at Canine Court. You tell me why I shouldn't flush myself.

G. Harold Carswell

Dear Harold,

Well, aren't we despondent! Cheer up! So you pulled a few boners. Who hasn't? Listen, when you get out of jail (if you ever want to, that is) return to society with a positive attitude. And confine your cruising to the waterfront. And what's wrong with Canine Court? Somebody's got to keep those bowlers in line!

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Doctor,

My friend told me to write to you, but I think she's the one who needs help. I'm okay.

Lois

Dear Lois,

Your problem is not unusual. Throughout history people have tried to convince themselves of their normality, generally with little success. Read my new book, I'm Okay, You're Screwed Up for details. Stay low and don't answer the phone.

Dear Doctor,

I am a waiter in a local pub, trying to make ends meet. What makes it hard is these big shots who come in, order a twelve dollar meal, run my ass ragged, and leave no tip, or a quarter or something. The hippies are worse. The mess they leave is unbelievable.

I figure if I blow my top and tell them what I think of them I'll blow my chance for a tip. My boss says just keep up the service and they'll come around. I'm not convinced. What can I do to make these clods cough up?

Got No Tips

Dear No Tips,

Your boss is all wet. It's the squeaky wheel that gets the grease, don't forget! Life is short, so straighten out those creeps while you're still young enough to enjoy the tips. A sure fire approach is the Kwik-Chek system employed in many fine eateries on the East Coast. After the patron pays his bill, but before he gets to the door (naturally, you must be on your toes for this one) dash to the table and check for a tip. If the crumb has neglected to leave one, run up to him and grab his arm gently yet firmly. Get direct eye contact and say, "Hey, buddy, where's the tip?" This is usually enough to make him sputter a bit and reach into his pocket. Make sure you remember how much the bill was so you can assist him in calculating the tip.

Should this not work, however, try the APB method. After the clod refuses and heads for his car, get on the horn to the cops and report him as a Dine 'n Dash. Give a good description of the car and tell 'em which way he went.

When it gets to court, the charge might not stick, but what a great pain in the ass! Let me know how you do.

Dear Doctor,

I'm a student, and if things don't change I won't be soon. I live at ASH with a roommate. We get along swell except for one thing. He's quite popular and his friends are coming over at all hours of the day and night, playing records, drinking beer, smoking some stinky weed and laughing all the time. The laughing I can take. Hell, I like to laugh. But it's getting so I can't study or even think straight. Any suggestions?

Shell Shock

Dear Shell,

Obviously there is something about this fellow you enjoy or you'd just move out. You've just got to take the good with the bad, unless you want to run the risk of offending your roommate by discouraging his friends from hanging out. This can be done any number of ways, but let me pass along three which I've found effective.

The first is an old Abbott and Costello trick. Next time your pal's friends are over, whip them up some appetizers, use antipasto instead of antipasto, use antipasto. Guaranteed to work. Even Bingo the Chimp took a powder when Lou pulled this one.

The next is a bit more subtle. For a few hundred dollars (what price peace?) you can buy a Barkolounger Zap Seat. It works by remote control along the lines of your garden—variety cattle prod. It comes in a seven decorative colors and is U.L. approved, of course.

If all else fails, try the direct approach. Tell them to get the hell out or you'll kill them. Be firm and be prepared to follow through. This is a humorous generation. Good luck, kid.

Doctor Profyayhtz will be glad to answer any question pertaining to matters mundane or cosmic. Accompany all questions with a stamped, self-addressed envelope and a stuffed Zig-Zag to cover expenses or at least help him forget about them.



## Houseplants

By Deniece Lemaster

Are you tired of spend money on house plants only to have them die because you remembered to water them after it was too late? Don't give up—grow a water culture. There are a large variety of plants that do very well in a combination of H<sub>2</sub>O, a few drops of a nutrient and some charcoal.

Rain water or distilled water is the best, but if you must use tap water let it set out over night so the chlorine will dissipate. Use an opaque container for your plants as sunlight will damage roots and encourage algae growth. Change the water once a month, adding fresh charcoal and nutrients. The following plants will do best in a water culture:

Japanese Flag  
Chinese Evergreen  
Hawaiian Tree Fern  
Coleus  
Hawaiian Ti  
Dracaena Sanderana  
Cypripedium Umbrella plant  
White Variegated Wandering Jew  
Christmas Cactus  
Pink Polka Dot plant  
Ivy  
Philodendrons (Heart Leaf)  
Golden Pothos  
Plectranthus (also known as Swedish Ivy or Creeping Charlie)  
Devils Ivy  
Parlor Ivy  
Angel Wing Begonia  
Thanksgiving Cactus

You may have a favorite fertilizer already, but if you don't I've found that Shultz Liquid Plant Food or Black Magic works the best.

Where to place your plants in the house so they will do their best is always a problem. Some like a lot of sunlight; others cannot stand it. A few plants that do best in bright indirect sunlight or filtered direct sunlight are your succulents, prayer plants, ferns, African violets, cobra lily. A few who love direct sunlight are rubber trees, star pine tree, wandering Jew, spider plants, piggybacks, avocado trees, umbrella plants, palm trees, purple velvet, bronze aluminum and aluminum plants.

Misting is a popular way of keeping your plants dust-free and looking nice and green. Misting will not take the place of watering and should not be done too often. Use a fine spray (plant misters are available at all plant stores) and do not spray until the plant is dripping wet. Mist the plant until it resembles dew. Do not mist hairy leaf plants. The piggyback plant is the only exception to this rule.

Since most house plants are tropical in origin, they do need humidity. There are several ways to do this. One way is to place some rocks in a pan and pour in water until the water level is within 1/4" from the top of the rocks. Place plants on top of the rocks; do not let the bottom of the pot touch the water. Grouping plants in a large pan will increase the humidity. Misting is also a way to increase humidity. Do not water your plants in the evening; morning is the best time since this will give the plant time to dry out. The water won't circulate as well at night and can cause bacteria growth.

If you have any questions about a particular house plant please write it down and leave it in the suggestion box. Or if you have any information that would be helpful to this column, please feel free to let us know.

## Famous Last Words

Ethan Allen (1738-1789), American Revolutionary Soldier

In answer to his doctor, who said, "General, I fear the angels are waiting for you": "Waiting, are they? Waiting, are they? Well—let 'em wait!"

Archimedes (287?-212 BC), Greek mathematician

To a Roman soldier: Stand away, fellow, from my diagram."

Franklin Delano Roosevelt (1882-1945), American President

"I have a terrific headache."

Florenz Ziegfeld (1867-1932), American theatrical producer

In a delirium: "Curtain! Fast music! Lights! Ready for the last finale! Great! The show looks good! The show looks good!"

Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658) English statesman

"My desire is to make what haste I can to be gone."

Thomas Edison (1847-1931) American inventor

In a coma: "It is very beautiful over there."

Thomas Gainsborough (1727-1788) English painter

"We are all going to heaven, and Van Dyck is of the party."

Joel Chandler Harris (1848-1906), American writer ("Uncle Remus")

"I am about the extent of a tenth of a gnat's eyebrow better."

Marie Antoinette (1755-1793), French Queen

To the executioner, after she stepped on his foot: "Monsieur, I beg your pardon."

Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862), American writer

"Moose. Indian."

Johann W. von Goethe (1749-1832), German poet

"More light!"

Napoleon (1769-1821) French Emperor

"France! Army! Head of the army! Josephine!"

Sam Houston (1793-1863), American general

"Texas-Texas-Margaret."

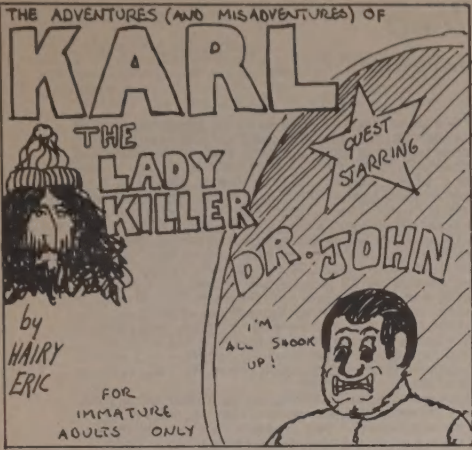
Captain William Kidd (1645?-1701), Scottish pirate

Before being hanged: "This is a very fickle and faithless generation."

Hart Crane (1899-1932) American poet

As he jumped overboard to commit suicide: "Goodbye, everybody!"





# The Big Sleep

## With Apologies to Dante

It was another stoned evening, from which I was never to recover. Literally.

"Who knows? Maybe if I hadn't drank so much wine I could've avoided the whole thing. Or maybe it was that killer Hawaiian weed—"Mau-Wowie," I think they call it. At any rate, I did a predictably foolish thing and jumped into the pool with all my clothes on. Not a particularly imaginative prank, I admit. But this leap was different in one respect: I dove into the shallow end and split my skull. Of course, the coroner called it a fractured cranium, but it did the trick. Does it seem, dear reader, that I speak dispassionately of my untimely demise? Well, death does that to you.

I'm in purgatory now, with about seven hundred years left on my sentence ("purification," they call it), but I'm told it passes quickly, especially in this section. But more on that later.

The first indication I had that evening that something was amiss came as I "recovered consciousness" from the fatal conk. I reached up to feel my head and it wasn't there. Neither, for that matter, was my hand. I recall attempting to utter some sort of epithet, and becoming mildly alarmed when my thoughts remained unspoken. The voice I did hear, however, was reassuring.

"One moment, please . . ." As I contemplated what would become of me as I was pleased to discover that my bodily parts were re-emerging into what I considered my old space. About that time a figure began to materialize in front of me, as well, and I must have given a start, for a mild laugh came from the stranger. As the form came into focus I saw that it was a young man wearing a short toga, a wineskin and a big grin. "Greetings!" he said, extending his hand. "Welcome to the other side."

"Where am I?"

"Salt Lake City."

"What the—" I began to get excited somewhat, fearing I would spend eternity in Salt Lake City, for there was no doubt that I was dead. I would have believed anything. As it was, the figure began to laugh at my befuddlement.

"Calm yourself, John Crowley," he said, "you are in what we call the loading zone. We leave from here for Hell." At that point, I was certain that my physical properties had returned, for I distinctly recall my hair standing on end. At this the young man burst into a great fit of laughter. "Relax," he chuckled, "we will only pass through Hell is reserved for the wicked; you were only a smart-ass."

"And who are you?"

"I am the guide for those who die a foolish death. Elpenor's the name. Now look sharp!" And with that a great wind swept up from behind me and we were carried away. Remarkably, I was unafraid, even though by now the only recognizable object in my sight was a blue and green ball looming ever larger before us. As we neared, I realized in great astonishment that it was the earth. "AHA!" I roared. "I was right! Hell is on earth! I've always said that!"

"Where else?" replied Elpenor. "God wanted to put it in the core of the next planet, but the Martians objected; they preferred to use theirs for a game room."

As I pondered this, we plunged ever more swiftly to the surface of the earth. I recognized the east coast of the U.S. coming into view, and as the ground rushed up to meet us I realized we would hit somewhere in New Jersey; sure enough, behind the Secaucus Sulphur Quarry a yawning pit swallowed our screaming descent. After what seemed like hours dodging floating bits of debris that remarkably resembled Big Mac wrappers, we made a soft landing at the edge of an immense pit, circular, and with smoke billowing from its core. Such a cacophony of wails and cries emanated from the chasm that I recoiled violently. It didn't smell too great, either. "So this is Hell," I observed.

"Fear not," replied my guide, handing me a striped Nehru jacket. "Put this on; it'll protect you from anything." Apparently I appeared puzzled, for his laughter rang long and hearty. "You're a corker!" he wheezed, wiping a tear from his eye. "I'm glad I got this detail." Our merriment was suspended, however, when a pair of gaunt and bleeding hands appeared over the rim of the pit, a few feet from us. Immediately a great rumbling was felt, and as Elpenor pulled me from the edge a large and terrible arm, disembodied and wielding a huge mallet, flew past us and hammered at the hands until, with a yelp, they disappeared back over the edge. The arm roared off. This was too much for me. Timidly I approached the edge.

"Go ahead and look," said my guide, "but it's not a pretty sight." I peered into the pit and was agast to see millions of people, ragged and with bleeding feet, crashing into each other. None could see, for they wore enormous helmets enclosing their entire heads. As I gazed in disbelief my guide came up beside me. "These are the Promise-Makers," he said. "In life they pledged whatever was expedient at the moment, caring nothing about fulfilling their promises."

"What is the nature of the helmets?" I asked.

"Mirrors," replied Elpenor. "On the inside, only mirrors. Little did any of them think that some day they would have to answer for their false assurances. Now they make their empty promises only to themselves. There is the Hell of Eternal Disappointment."

As far as the eye could see these poor souls collided with each other, yet could commune with no one. I turned to Elpenor. "I can see no others, guide, only these wretches. Is Hell filled with them?"

"Only this level," he replied. "Over the horizon, in the center of this damnable shelf, lies the Road to Hell."

"Is it paved with good intentions, as my grandmother has oft observed?" At this he gave a lusty laugh and seemed to totter a bit. I could tell he was one of the looser souls I'd met outside of Philadelphia. We boarded what appeared to be a Seventh Avenue B.M.T. subway occupied mainly by short immigrants in soiled coats of indefinite color. Elpenor offered no explanation, and, obligingly, I kept silent. The lights went out, and when they came on again we were seated in naugahyde chairs at the edge of another shelf, where a totally bizarre sight awaited us. There below were infinite numbers of frenzied souls, writhing upon mattresses with soiled and torn sheets, their limbs bound. To their ears had been attached curious funnel-shaped devices, which served to amplify every and any sound. And what sound! From the center of this shelf came the most hideous and terrifying shrieks imaginable, and it was clear to me that the souls on this new level flailed in agony from the terrible noise. Horrible as it was to my ears, I cringed to imagine what their bolstered misery must be. I turned to my guide, barely able to hear myself address him. "Who are these hopeless souls?"

Elpenor brought his lips close to my ear. "These are the noise-makers. Here are the ones who shout and bleat, who rumble and thrash in disregard for their neighbors. Now they are made to listen, helpless, to all the inconsiderate noise they ever made, and more. And their punishment is eternal." Shocked, I peered down into their midst, and was agast to recognize "Crank" O'Hara, a member of a motorcycle gang that once occupied the apartment over mine when I lived in Brooklyn. I hadn't been particularly saddened to learn of his death, but his present predicament brought a pang of pity to my throat. He spotted me and gestured frantically, but of course, I was unable to hear anything he said. I recalled the many nights I'd spent thrashing on my own mattress, unable to sleep for the racket from overhead. I objected only once. When my face healed I took to sleeping elsewhere during those boisterous gatherings, grumbling to myself that quiet, like justice, resided in the better parts of town. But Crank was getting his these days! The noise! Never had I heard or imagined such a hideous racket! I was about to ask Elpenor the source when, as if in answer, he led me down a narrow and slippery path to the edge of this second shelf, where the monstrous noise nearly drove me insane. If Elpenor hadn't produced some very effective earplugs made from Silly Putty I surely would have gone deaf in short order.

We began our trek through what proved to be a singularly unnerveing area. Never before had I seen such pained and agitated individuals as I saw there; they leapt and thrashed, alternately clutching their bellies and pounding their buttocks. The corks were the tightly-fitting chain-mail jockey shorts they all wore, and those were secured with several bolts at strategic places. "GREAT GOD!" I cried. "Who are these wretched souls?"

"Alas!" cried Elpenor. "These are the deserters of the worst kind. I'm sure you've met a few of these in your life. They are the heartless and despicable clods who used the last of the toilet paper and did not replace it. They are crude beyond all words and what a fitting punishment they meet here!" I looked at him in horrible realization. "Yes, my friend, these souls are damned to eternal constipation!" With this he led me through the sorry lot. So frightening was their flailing that I clung dearly to my conductor. We had nearly reached the far side of this awful place when I saw a sight that made my heart sink. There before me, in a terrible, creaky frenzy, thrashed Pierre, my old roommate. I'd liked Pierre, too loathed his habit of leaving us all stranded in the crapper sans tissue. As we passed he fell to his knees and flailed a pale arm at us, clutching his abdomen with the other. To put it mildly, he was hurtin' for certain. Mercifully, Elpenor pulled me along, and on to the next level. Needless to say, I was only too happy to be gone from such a hopeless and pitiful place. Happy, that is, until we reached the rim of the next lowest level, and what an indescribable and horrendous stench awaited us there! "Hold your nose," my guide grunted. "We're coming to the bullshit artists."

I will draw the curtain of mercy over this portion of my journey, dear reader, but suffice it to say that the inhabitants of this region were legion, and as far as their punishment was concerned—let me just say that as they now so did they reap! Even a partial list of those I saw would extend around that fearful pit several times, and most U.S. Presidents were there (I saw a "RESERVED" sign for Nixon), and I recognized not a few English instructors. Their fate, you may be sure, was shitty.

Long before we reached the next level I could tell something very unusual and bizarre was going on there.

My first indication something unusual was happening at this next level came when, as we approached, a giant stuffed teddy bear came sailing up from the shelf and landed on the rim at our feet. I looked at Elpenor in befuddlement, for the predicament was a lusty laugh. "This is one of the more amusing areas of Hell," he chuckled. This is the final hell of the se who bogart!" I blinked a few times and by John Crowley, the scene below. I simply could not believe what I saw. What did I see? Everything. That's right—everything! "In your life, John," Elpenor continued, "you've met plenty of these ones. They're the scoundrels who would cheat their own mother for the hell of it (pardon the pun). Every chance they got, they cut a corner, pulled a fast one, or just plain opted to act selfishly. Never could they see beyond their own selfish obsession. Now they can see nothing but everything." His words became all too clear the more I looked around that awful pit. Every material article imaginable—automobiles, airplanes, pool losses, cases of wine, electric clothing, television sets, fine stereos, jewelry, any and all things considered by materialistic people to be good things to have—things worth working (or rather, cheating)



# Get on the Stik



Whiskey Stik, Clatsop's perennial favorite, will be singing and playing that good ol' rock and roll for the upcoming Halloween Dance. This dynamic four man group, having played before the crowned heads of Clatsop County, never fails to generate frenzied excitement at their gigs. The band are "Diamond" Mark Bugas on bass, "Silky" Steve Johnson on guitar, "Lightning" John Police on drums, and "Terrible" Terry Duoos on keyboards.

Persons with sensitive ears or weak hearts are urged to watch television that night (during the family viewing hour, of course).

for. The wretched souls here, "encouraged" by slickly-dressed Madison Avenue types brandishing diamond-studded pitchforks, were busy "enjoying" all these things—enjoying them until it hurt. I must confess that I secretly was relieved to see at least one pitchfork in Hell, although the demons in disguise who handled them didn't quit fit the picture I'd always had of eternal tormentors. Relentlessly they prodded, threatened and coerced the poor souls into drinking, dancing, driving, partying, living it up—consuming endlessly all in life they coveted.

We passed among these wretches, and only then did I realize how painful their punishment was. Their contorted, pitiful faces revealed a weariness and sorrow that wrung my heart. And a sharp pain shot through that palpitating organ when I recognized my old friend Scott Erdely. He was chained to a Stratolounger chair, and his head was secured in several places. Unbelievably, a huge hookah directly in front of him fed a never-ending stream of high quality marijuana and hashish smoke.

"Scott!" I shouted. "What does this mean? What are you doing?" Scott managed to wrench his head away from the force-feeding contraption long enough to cough piteously. As he spoke his voice was coarse and raspy.

"Oh John, John!" he cried. "If only I could do it over! I'd never shortchange anybody again!" I recalled what he meant when I thought of certain instances where Scott's selfishness manifested itself in less-than-full measures of marijuana he'd sold to me. Of course, by the time I'd weighed it out and realized I'd been gypped, Scott was gone and I was too stoned to do anything about it anyway. Someone once told me not to be concerned; his karma would come back on him and he'd be sorry. Well, now I was sorry too, for this punishment seemed tragically unbearable. I tried to offer a few words of comfort (what can you tell somebody in Hell?) but at that moment one of the Madison Avenue demons sped over and gave poor Scott a jab with the diamond pitchfork. Poor Scott—the smoke was coming out of his ears. A tear welled in my eye for my old friend. Elpenor saw this, and gently led me away, past a telephone company executive who was in the process of having several trimline telephones crammed into an unlikely part of his anatomy.

"Weep not for these hopeless ones," my guide counseled, "for they suffer no hardship they do not deserve."

"Yes, I suppose you're right," I observed as we passed a late politician eating money. "I'm just glad I avoided this place. I haven't always been the paragon of virtue you now see."

"Watch it, Crowley," warned Elpenor. "The self-praisers make their little shangrila just up ahead, and there's always room!" Sure enough, as we reached the edge of the shelf, before us lay the most abominable part of all Hell. The sight of it along made me retch; the smell, I feared, would kill me.

"This is the lowest level of Hell," said Eleanor, "and it is divided into two sections. What you see here is the area reserved for those who heap praise on themselves hoping to impress their neighbors. You know the kind. Here's where they end up. He gestured toward the miserable crowd, who wandered eternally, waist deep in shit. They were covered from head to foot in the sinking waste, and I could recognize no one. I mentioned this in my guide, who responded matter-of-factly, "Of course not. Down here they are all shit-faced nobodies. Such is the fate of all who seek to falsely impress. A more forlorn collection of lost souls you'll never see. Unless, that is, they're in the next section of this level." Now, this I could not imagine.

"Who are those?" I asked.

"Come with me," replied my conductor, leading me down a steep, slippery path. Through a rocky and forbidding landscape we slid, ever descending, until we came to a huge vault door. Several grotesque demons stood at the door, obviously guarding it. One challenged us as we approached, but Elpenor gave some sort of high-sign and slowly the great door swung wide and we passed through.

"Here we have the self-praisers of the worst variety, those whose suffering is unmatched in all of Hell. They are the ones who heaped false praise upon themselves to mislead lovers, a sin that is unparalleled for coldness and evil." I gazed at the landscape before me. It was similar, I noted, to the previous area—shit knee high. A terrible and frightening demon sat on a black perch high overhead, scrutinizing all.

"If their sin is so great, Elpenor, why is their punishment no greater than the last level?" Before my guide could answer, though, a deafening gong sounded, followed by a terrible, tortured mass groan. The demon high above beat his black wings.

"All right, you fools," screamed the demon. "Coffee break's over—back on your heads!"

I must have swooned, for the next thing I knew I was here in Purgatory. It's not a bad place really. The area I'm in, a huge warehouse-like place, is reserved for the Wiseguys. I'm in no pain to speak of, but for my punishment I and a few other smart-asses must present a production of "An Evening with Henny Youngman" every two hours for the entertainment of another group here, the chronic TV watchers. They don't know the difference. Still, it's a depressing place. Please forward my subscription to Reader's Digest here.

Well, gotta go—curtain time. Yeah, Walter, for the millionth time—BREAK A LEG!!! What a drag . . .

You're never alone with schizophrenia.

DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME TO  
**Stop Watching**  
**TV?**  
**HERE'S WHY!**



TV makes people **SICK!!**  
TV **ENSLAVES** you and **SAPS**  
ALL YOUR **CREATIVE ENERGY!**  
TV **HOOKS** You like **DOPE!**  
TV is obviously a "**VAST**  
**WASTELAND.**" This is com-  
mon knowledge.  
TV is just plain **BAD** for  
you physically, mentally,  
and spiritually. Watching  
it will cause you great un-  
happiness in life and you're  
more than likely to get  
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